THOUSANDTH WOMAN By E. W. Hornung THE

A Complete Novel Each Week in THE EVENING WORLD

STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS, Cassist, an Englishman, who has emigrated to "Vith a hole in the floor the Australia, is returning to Eugland. His cabin might have been made for him?"

"As it happens, yes; he'd sear every inch like a rat in a trap, years before the search of t has bed his friend, Scruton, sent to prison, Cas-sist is preparing to help Scruton in the latter's serily release. In London they learn that Craten hely been murdered a few days earlier; also that Bernion, who hated Craven, is out of prison, Canalet rims down to his old home to see Binnede Macmar, whom he loved as a boy, and in whom Toye also seems interested. Toye de-clares his intention of probing the Craven murder mystery. He has already acquired fame as an of a conboard. In this hiding place are The club with which Craven was also found. Cazalet and Tope discuss

> CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

Finger-Prints.

DON'T follow you, Toye." "I'm thinking of fingerprints. If he'd just've down, he'd have left the print of his hand as large as life for ful to Hilton Toye, almost too ap-

your mark so easily as all that."

Toye took the breakfast menu and noon. for a minute."

pefore complying; then his fine, had been, engaged. plaster under their eyes until Toys told him he might take it up.

over, and Cazalet laughed.

You should have caught me when

and putting it out of harm's way in dered man, leading to all that talk And there he was eventually enterthe empty toast-rack. "You can't of the old grievance against him and tained to a sound, workmanlike, anything now, but if you come culminating in his actually finding rather expeditious meal. WhatT

"Your prints, sir! I don't say I'm do it well enough to show you how H's done. You haven't left your mark and blow off easily everywhere else. traced his steps.

really be a great pleasure."

Cazalet excused himself with decision. He had a full morning in front English waiter at that admirable

father's old firm of solicitors, and extraction. either to take up Scruton's case away?"

Cazalet was always apt to be clabtense; but he was more so than usual in explaining his considered intentions in this matter that lay so very

"Going to see Scruton, too?" said

"Not necessarily," was the short

reply. But it also was elaborated by diate release, at any rate on ball.

If impossible, he might hesitate to Piccadilly. prison, but he would see.

should be there at all," said Cazalet, engaged, readier than ever to suit shot out to Aden on a potty job at as he rose first and ushered Toye him. out into the lounge. "Only think: Then he gazed critically at his So that was where he had been? our old gardener saw him run out boots. He was not so dead sure that Yes, and by Jove he had to see a of the drive at half past seven, when he had struck the only man for boots, man about it all at 3 o'clock. the gong went, when the real mur- There had been a young fellow "One of the nuts," explained Capt derer must have been shivering in aboard the Kaiser Fritz, quite a little Aylmer, keeping his chair with die the Michelangelo cupboard, wonder- bit of a military blood, who had come restraint. ing how the devil he was ever going ashore in a pair of cloth tops that Toye rose with finer alacrity. to get out again."

"Then you think old man Craven- just on that one point.

him on the head?" the likeliest thing of all!" he cried. he would like to have Toye see his thing about Mr. Cazalet," he said.

-and there was that cupboard standing open at his elbow."

"With a hole in the floor that "As it happens, yes; he'd search every inch like a rat in a trap, you see; and there it was as I'd left it

"Well, it's a wonderful yarn!" exclaimed Hilton Toye, and he lighted toe cigar that Cazalet had given him. "I think it may be thought one if the police ever own how they made their find," agreed Cazalet, laughing

and looking at his watch. Toye had never heard him laugh so

"By the way, Drinkwater doesn't want any of all this to come out until he's dragged his man before the beak again." "Which you mean to prevent?"

"If only I can! I more or less promquestions as to the discovery of the stready, you may just an unch ticles in the secret compartment. the rest this week as well as next, if you don't mind keeping it to your-

Nobody could have minded this particular embargo less than Hilton Toye; and in nothing was he less like Cazalet, who even now had the halfregretful and self-excusing air of the imuplaive person who has talked too laid those things right freely and discovered it too late. But he had been perfectly delignt-

preclative, if anything, and now very "The devil he would!" exclaimed anxious to give him a lift in his taxi. Casalet. "I wish you'd explain," he Toye, however, had shopping to do added: "remember I'm a wild man in the very street that they were in, from the woods, and only know of and he saw Cazalet off with a smile these things by the vaguest kind of that was as yet merely puzzled and like it a great deal, and suddenly Capt. Aylmer, on the whole?" hearsay and stray paragraphs in the not unfriendly until he had time to Toye had a mind to take him at his papers. I never knew you could leave recall Miss Blanche's part in the strange affair of the previous after-

Lay your hand on that, paim those two, even if they had known else that had been at the back of after Genoa he was another being. down," he said, "and don't move it each other all their lives? He had it Toye's mind all morning, and now I've sometimes wondered what hapfrom Blanche (with her second re- took charge in front. Cazalet looked at him a moment fusal) that she was not, and never Aylmer had talked some about a ashore."

Of course there was no mark what- funny affair would bring them to- not the man to inquire. gether again quicker than anything. It was no business of his, anyway

came up from those foundations, when you came to think of it! Funny own in Southampton Water, and duly his Italy overland. Rather a good an introduction to those friends of all through, it now struck Toye; be- filed in his cigarette case, reminded "You wait," replied Hilton Toye, ginning on board ship with that him of the Rag's proper style and he had friends in Rome; but we never taking the menu gingerty by the edge dream of Casalet's about the mur- title. round to the Savoy I'll show you the implements of the crime in his "Say, did you see the cemetery at

the time! Like many deliberate speakers, "Never want to see it again, or men the paper, but I guess you've Toye thought like lightning, and had Genoa either," said Captain Aylmer, he would have gone straight and had left the sweat of your hand; if I snow reached this point before he was a "The smoking-room's this way." little French chalk over it, the hundred yards from the hotel; then

"The rest's as simple as all big He retraced them even to the table a corner. rest's as simple as all dig He retraced them even to the Genoa? On, I liked it all right, asking, at another old naunt, on the latest little timeready, but I judge it doesn't have not very many minutes ago; the wait-

prints ready for you. I'd like awfully with the menu that was in that toast.

to show you how it's done. It would rack? There was something on it

"Did you say you were there two part of another hour." that we rather wanted to keep." "I thought there was, sir," said the as though it were a corn.

hotel. He was going to see Miss Macnair's, Toye, however, prepared to talk to fore." brother, son of the late head of the him like an American uncle of Duten "Is that so? I only came aboard distressed, and yet he looked crafty, taxicab.

themselves, or else to recommend a "Not at all, sir. I 'appened to ob- feeling in his voice, but he was suck- to add still more to his apparent age, arm perhaps more accustomed to serve the other gentleman put the ing his left thumb. menu in his pocket, behind your back "I say, you've cut yourself!" as you were getting up, because I

> walter at the time!" CHAPTER IX. Fair Warning.

He knew the right places al topic of conversation. The fact was that he wanted first to his tailor's at one end of Jermyn adamantine politeness this time; he know if it were not possible, by the street to his hatter's at the other, was enjoying quite the second best intervention of a really influential and from the man for collars and liqueur brandy to be had at the Rag; lawyer, to obtain the prisoner's imme- dress shirts, in another of St. James's, and he leaned back in his chair.

force himself on Scruton in the Hilton Toye visited them all in turn mer. "Well, frankly, I wasn't, but it find something he had quite for- those other two remarks, now both- careless misuse of words; but neither, ever. And won't that be nice when this fine September morning, and may have been my fault. It does "It's a perfect scandal that he found the select team agreeably dis- rather warp one's judgment to be

had rather unsettled Mr. Toye's mind begging his poor pardon-was get- He thought of this young fellow really mustn't keep him waiting." ting out some cigars when the man, when he was through with the softwhoever he was, came in and knocked shirt man on Piccadilly. They had way to the hat stand, and there took diced for a drink or two in the smok- frontal measures as a last resort. Cazalet nodded vigorously. "That's ing-room, and Capt. Aylmer had said Then the gong went-there may club any time he was passing and "and I guess I've a reason for askeven have come a knock at the door cared to look in for lunch.



He had said so as though he would it now. What did you think of him,

"Three or four, did you say?"

his way through St. James's Square.

a cocktail, for of course he knew the

What he did was to slue round out

But by that time Hilton Toye looked

and leading to a Turkish bath.

word right now. The idea began with those boots mer, answering the straight question with cloth tops, but that was not all readily enough. "I thought he was a placed it face downward on the table- Say, weren't they rather intimate, there was to it; there was something very good chap as far as Naples, but

job in the war office that enabled him shapely, sunburnt hand lay still as And a fellow who only wrote to to lunch daily at the Rag; but what her once in a year-still, they must his job had been aboard a German have played Wedding Guest to Aylhave been darned intimate, and this steamer Toye did not know and was mers' Ancient Mariner.

Say, what a funny affair it was Reference to a card, traded for his Genoa, so he landed at Napies and did

inspired efforts to save the man of Genoa?" suddenly inquired the visitwhose innocence he was so positive. or on their way back through the Say, if that Casalet had not been hall. A martial bust had been ad-Scotland Yard at the game, but I can on his way home from Australia at mired extravagantly before the question.

chalk'll stick where your hand did, he thought of something else, and re-"I judge you didn't care a lot about

"Genoa? Oh, I liked it all right, asking, at another old haunt, on Cockready, but I judge it doesn't have not very many minutes ago; the wait-days neither ashore nor affoat. It's a table of continental trains. This he lain buried in brick-dust. Say, come away.

The round to lunch and I'll have your "Say, waiter, what have you done you're only a poor British solder."

The round to lunch are it doesn't have not very many minutes ago; the wait-days neither ashore nor affoat. It's a table of continental trains. This he bit amphibious. Of course you can carried, not on foot but in a taxi, to go to a hetel if you like, but not if the Savoy Hotel, where it kept him you're only a poor British solder." days?" Toye was cutting his cigar

> "Two whole days, and we'd had a night in the Bay of Naples just be- pencil, paper and the little book of

at Genoa. I guess I was wise," added determined and immensely alive. father's old firm of solicitors, and extraction.

But Blanche saw only his worn Charlie had said that old Sweep was now one of the partners, to get them "You thought that, and you took it Toye, as though he was thinking of He proceeded, however, to take excited face, and her own was not in such tremendous spirits about it

"I guess it's nothing. Knife too orate in the first person singular, passed a remark about it to the head sharp; please don't worry, Capt. Ayleither in the past or in the future walter at the time!"

Now the only Turkish bath, accord- take them up first, and to ask how why she could not. She had even to
either in the past or in the future walter at the time!"

Toye's somewhat ex- on earth Mr. Toye could affect her guard against an equivocally symmer. I was going to say I only got on at Genon, and they couldn't give me a room to myself. I had to go in with Cazalet; that's how I saw so much of him."

was much more than a map It was Toye's third separate and of the metropolis that Toye independent attempt to introduce the carried in his able head, name and fame of Cazalet as a natur-

for the right things, from Twice his host had listened with

to the only man for soft shirts, on "You were rather impressed with him, weren't you?" said Capt. Aylthis time o' year.'

"I hope you won't think me rude."

said the captain, "but I'm afraid Toye said the proper things all the "I was only going to ask you one ing, though there's no time to state

gotten-from the newspaper end. before when Casalet arrived in tre- was by no means sure that it did. But the old nurse would waste time. The next day they went over the mendous spirits.

He might simply dislike Toye, and in perfectly fatuous reminiscences of Hog's Back, and the next day right "Stop and dine!" he cried out at that again might explain his extra- the very earliest expeditions in which through London into Herifordshire.

"Borry I can't; got to go and omebody," said Hilton Toys. "Then you must have a drink."

stainer.

you don't look a bit fit," said Cazalet she said. "But he's been seen heremost kindly. "Nor am I, sir!" exclaimed Toye.

"I guess London's no place for me in the fall. Just as well, too, I judge, "You haven't!"

"Yes, sir, this very night. That's the worst of a business that takes you to all the capitals of Europe in turn. It takes you so long to filt Blanche, though she felt ashamed of around that you never know when herself. you've got to start in again."

"Which capital is it this time?" ity had been dashed very visibly for the moment.

But already his high spirits were reasserting themselves; indeed, a cynic with an ear might have caught thing that Casalet had said yet, and the note of sudden consolation in the he had said nothing that she did like question that Cazalet asked so brisk- this morning. But there were allow-"Got to go down to Rome," said

Toye, watching the effect of his

there!" Cazalet looked no worse than

was my mistake, and here's this sit- home to be worried like this." whole' is just the difficulty," said Ayluation been developing behind my back." "What situation?"

"Oh, why it wouldn't interest you! But I've got to go down to Rome, whether I like it or not, and I don't like it any, because I don't have any

And at the last moment Toye would if you'd do something for me, Cazalet?" "If I can," said Casalet, "with "Yes; you see, he knew these German boats waste a couple of days at pleasure." But his smiles were gone. all about it from Charile. He rang

idea, I thought, especially as he said yours in Rome!" heard of 'em beforehand, and I should Cazalet's tongue just showed behave let the whole thing strike me a tween his lips, moistening them. bit sooner if I'd been Cazalet. Soon It was at that moment the only

enough to take a handbag and a touch of color in his face. tooth brush, eh? And I don't think "Did I tell you I'd any friends point," said Casalet unensily. should have run it quite so fine at there?"

Genoa, either. But there are rum The sound of his voice was birds in this world, and always will haps less hourse than puszied. Toye made himself chuckle as he Toye felt one himself as he picked sat looking up out of somber aves. "Well, if you didn't," said he. "I If it had not been just after lunch. guess I must have dreamed it!"

CHAPTER X.

The Week of Their Lives. week of our lives!"

pleased Blanche to call her parlor, time enough to put Scruton under boat on the river would have been hour of the following forenoon.

more than an hour older than on sitting down at his writing table with from the skies into her sunny snug- had never heard of a fine thing being less expensive, and far more "the trains; he looked horrified, he looked

something else. There was no sort of some of the life out of himself, and at its best in her sheer amazement. all! Why was he so down this morn- and allowed herself to admire him If she had heard the last two sen- ing? by repairing for more inward light tences, to understand them at the She only knew she could have taken time she would have felt bound to his hand, but for a very good reason Now the only Turkish bath, accord- take them up first, and to ask how why she could not. She had even to on about her day, the glories of the

clusive code, was not even a hundred plans or pleasures. yards from Cazalet's hotel; and there But such was the effect of the the visitor of the morning again pre- preceding statement that all the rest sented himself before the afternoon; was several moments on the way to for?" now merely a little worn, as a man her comprehension, where it arrived, will look after losing a stone an hour indeed, more incomprehensible than on a warm afternoon, and a bit blue ever, but not worth making a fuse again about the chin. which of course about then.

looked a little deeper and stronger "Italy!" she had ejaculated meanwhile. "When did he go?"

Cazalet was not in; his friend "Nine o'clock last night." would wait, and in fact waited over "But"-she checked berself-"I siman hour in the little lounge. An eve- ply can't understand it, that's all!" Why? Have you seen him since ning paper was offered him; he took

it listlessly, scarcely looked at it at the other afternoon?

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Bear this in mind, not only for yourself but for any of your friends who expect to spend their vacations in the country.

But he was waiting as stoically as notice them; on the other hand, she cited of the two.

air somewhat heavily charged with they had made even then, etc. "Then you must have a drink." explanations, either demanded or de"No, I thank you," said Toye, with sired; they were things she hated, she took to peering at her mistress, that the teeming city opened before

the decisive courtesy of a total ab- and she determined not to add to once her bairn, with furtive eagerness them from end to end. them if she could help it. "I haven't set eyes on him again," in a little taxt"

"Who saw him?"

"Marthe-if she's not mistaken." This was a little disingenuous, as since I've got to light out again will appear; but that impetuous say before I go, Martha." Sweep was in a merciful hurry to know something else. "When was this, Blanche?"

"Just about dark-say seven or so. She owns it was about dark," said Miss Blanche." "Well, it's just possible. He left

me about six; said he had to see some at all, or that you're even sure you periences such as the churchyard at said Cazalet. His exuberant genial- one, too, now I think of it. But I'd give a bit to know what he was doing asked." messing about down here at the last moment!

Blanche liked this as little as anyances to be made for him, she knew. And yet to strengthen her knowledge, or rather to let him confirm it But a third moment she celebrated

"Poor old Sweep!" she laughed. "It's "No, sir, I missed Rome out; that a shame that you should have come

> "I am worried," he said simply. "I think it's just splendid, all you're doing for that poor man, but especially the way you're doing it." "I wish you wouldn't say that, Blanche!"

He paid her the compliment of friends there. And that's what I'm speaking exactly as he would have doing right here. I was wondering spoken to a man; or rather, she happened to be the woman to take it as

"But I do say it, Sweep! I've heard "I was wondering if you'd give me me up last night."

There was just a little pause, and have you lived? Oh, I forgot!" And ing scorn, when the old dear looked ing him Walter to his face.) she laughed. Anything to lift this both knowing and longing-to-know Of other conversation, however, duet of theirs out of the minor key! "But what does old Charlie really think of the case? That's more to the and that seemed shocking to Martha it was, perhaps, a sad case of quan-

Well, he seemed to fear there was no chance of ball before the adjourned her conditional clause to herself. bearing. But I rather gathered he

was not going to be in it himself?" a family lawyer like Chartie owns to for a start. Martha could hardly ten quite amiably on other people. tions. He says he'll make an exam- past" one of those nasty motors. OYE'S gone back to Italy," ple of Drinkwater and Charlie says It said very little for Mr. Cazalet, what Blanche called their stone-are said Cazalet. "He says they call him the Bobby's Bugbear!" by the way, in Martha's private opin-

scene was the little room it have rushed in, anyhow. And it'll be hoped, and "meant anything," a nice

rather suggested another extravagant This very shamefacedness appealed But, there, to see and hear the child to her intensely, and yet last night after the first day! She looked so

pathetic voice or manner, as she asked: "How long did they remand him

"Eight days."

the worst to-day week!" Yes!" he said eagerly, almost himself again. "But, whichever way it loved and yet had to snub them. Mar- If Miss Blanche had no respect for goes, I'm afraid it means trouble for tha's portion was picture post cards herself there were those who

this to be the week of our lives." first, then tord it in his anxiety to His manner might have explained said before. The phrase had been no an album to keep them in forever and first syllable from Blanche.

Mr. Toye. That was something. It made it

Casalet had gone out on the balwas no taxi, but a smart open car, were having so far. waiting in the road, its brasses blasing in the sun, an immaculate chauffour at the wheel.

"Whose is that, Sweep?" buck up and get ready to come out!

ering her when it was too late to cult to say which was the more ex- but he says it simply couldn't be come

ordinary heat over the argument at Mr. Cazalet had led and Blanche This was a tremendous experience. Littleford. Blanche began to feel the had followed, and what a bonny pair The car was a good one free.

"There's just one thing I want to day was out they had seen, through

"Yes, dearle, yes?" "You know when Mr. Toye called

yesterday, and I was out?"

he came in and waited half an hour shire day-Chalfont, St. Giles and in vain; in fact, not that he came in Hughenden-and almost detached exsaw him, unless, of course, you're Stoke Poges, where Cazalet repeated

to be a little bad blood between Mr. tory school days, and the terrible dis-Toye and Mr. Cazalet."

Martha looked for a moment as though she were about to weep, and then for another moment as though she would die of laughing.

for her, either by word or by his si- by making an utter old fool of herself, as she would have been told lence, she stated a certain case for to her face by anybody but Blanche, whose yellow hair was being disarranged by the very hands that had helped to imprison it under that motor hat and veil.

> to tell me?" said Martha. And then the week of their lives course, quite mad.

CHAPTER XI. In Country and in Town.

"You're on the telephone, are you?" "not out for that," as Blanche herself Littleford. Everybody is in these days. Where actually told Martha, with annihilat- (By the way, she had taken to call-

at the end of the first day's run.

Yet I, they were only out to enjoy Neither was a great reader, even of themselves in the way Miss Blanche the papers, though Blanche liked "No. We decided on one of those vowed and declared (more shame for poetry as she liked going to church; sportsmen who love rushing in where her), they certainly had done wonders looking down his nose. I've seen the credit all they said they had done,

"No. He's just the type who would had turned out as well as she had And so much for their conversation,

thing." also as he drove off later with his wicked lamps alight.

But Blanche would only go on and Ripley road and the grandeur of clothes from Cazalet's old tailor and Hindhead. She had brought back heaps it ended in a theatre and the Cariton. of heather and bunches of leaves just Martha surpassed herself, of course; beginning to turn; they were all over she had gone about for days tor the little house before Cazalet had rather mornings and evenings) in an been gone ten minutes.

"Well, then, you'll know the best or But Blanche hadn't forgotten her poor old Martha; she was not one come for her to speak out, and that to forget people, especially when she she did. tell you why; but that's why I want of the day.

after all, did it necessarily apply to it's all over, and Mr. Cazalet's gone had been offered a place in the car back to Australia?"

Crueller anti-climax was never easter for Blanche not to ask ques- planned, but Martha's face had Cazalet know her feelings about brought it on her; and now it re- motors before he made her the offer. mained to make her see for herself cony; now he called to her; and there what an incomparably good time they

"It was a simply splendid lunch at the Beacon, and such a ten at Byfieet, "Mine, for the week I'm talking ferent about her food, but also as a ant miracles in her poor pare about! I mean ours, if you'd only rule much hungrier than she seemed graves; and though Martha berself to-night.

Blanche ran off to Martha, who take the Sirram, and I want Walter when this came out she knew fused and hindered her with the best to see if he can't get a billy and show would get the blame. intentions. It would have been diffi- me how they make tea in the bush,

BOTTO CONTROL OF THE CONTROL OF THE

good firm, and the chauffeur drove

and impatience; for Blanche, on her Then the Hertfordshire hedges and side, looked as though she had some- meadows and timber were the very thing on her mind, and, indeed, had things after the Hog's Back made one or two attempts to get it Hindhead; not so wonderful, off. She had to force it even in the course, but more like old England and less like the bush; and before the dodging London on the way back, the Harrow boys like a lot of young butlers who had changed hats with the maids, and Eton boys as closely re-"Oh, Mr. Toye; yes, I remember, sembling a convocation of slack esrates.

"Well, I don't want you to say that Then there was their Buckinghamastounding chunks of its dogy, "Well, I don't know, but there seems learned as long ago as his preparaillusion of Hounslow Heath and its murderous trams.

Then there was the wood they found where gypsies had been camping, where they resolved that moment to do the same, just exactly in every detail as Cazalet had so often done it in the bush; so that flesh and flour were fetched from the neigh-boring village, and he sat on his been and turned them into mutton and damper in about a minute; and after that a real campfire till long after dark, and a shadowy chauffeur smok-"Oh, Blanchie, is that all you have ing his pipe somewhere in the other shadows, and thinking them,

The critic on the hearth at home thought even worse of them than that. But Blanche only told the truth when she declared that the whole thing had been her idea, and, abo HE wenther was true to might have added, a bitter disap-them and this was a pointment to her, because Walter larger matter than it might simply would not talk about the bush have been. They were not itself, and never had since that first making love. They were hour in the old empty schoolroom

there was not and never had been They were out to enjoy themselves, the slightest dearth between them; but "unless something was coming of it." tity. These were two outdoor souls, She had just sense enough to keep and the one with the interesting life no longer spoke about it.

> but each had the mind that could bat-So there was a deal of talk about

chap, and primed him up about old and as an embittered pedestrian there neighbors down the river, and some Savage, and our find in the founda- was nothing that she would "put of it was scandal, and all was goddays, but again far less about the he may be away only a "But surely he'll have to tell his ion, that he should take her Miss selves when young than there bed week. Let's make it the client who's behind him?"

Blancha out in the car at all if he been at Littleford that first day.

once for all; it was frankly that of an extraordinary position to Blanche looked at the troubled eyes tearing through the air in a cloud of they had shut their eyes for a week. Cazalet might have 'planed down avoiding hers, and thought that she smoky dust; it would have been much however, some rudimentary sense of They must have had between them, construction; for their final fling, if

not just the most inspiring, was at least unlike all the rest. But Blanche saw only his worn Charlie had said that old Sweep was bonny that for a time Martha really and now much more so to Caralet; it appealed as strongly to their common stock of freshness and simplicity. Yet cause and effect were alike undeniably lacking in distinction.

> aggressive silence, her lips provecatively pursed, but now the time had

me, Blanche; some time or other I'll of the Gibbet and other landmarks some for her, just as there were others who seemed to have forgotten So he really meant what he had "you're good," said Blanche, the meaning of the word. The en-It was nothing to Martha that she

(beside that forward young man) more days than one; well did Mr. But she was not saying anything about what was past. This was the limit; an expression which only suffed Martha's lips because Blanche bed

just applied it to her inference. coming back another way," explained It was not behaving as a gentle-Blanche, who was notoriously indir- man; it was enough to work unpleaswould die sooner than inform Mr. A week doesn't last forever, you "It must be that tea, my dear. It Charlie or the married sisters, other was too much. To-morrow I'm to people were beginning to talk, and

(To Be Continued.)

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